California GARDEN

FORTY-THIRD YEAR | AUTUMN, 1952 | VOLUME 43, NO. 3

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of CALIFORNIA GARDEN published Quarterly at San Diego, California, for Autumn 1952. Publisher: San Diego Floral Association, Balboa Park, San Diego, California. Editor: Mabel Hazard.

CALENDAR of EVENTS

NOVEMBER

TUESDAY, NOV. 18 . . . . . 2 p.m.
Lecture on flower arranging.

DECEMBER

TUESDAY, DEC. 16 . . . . . 8 p.m.
Christmas party. Alfred C. Hottes, speaker.

SAN DIEGO FLORAL ASSOCIATION
Balboa Park
San Diego 1, California

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In response to popular request, the Floral Association is offering day-time study groups and programs. So that we may poll the wishes of the majority, will you let your preferences be known. Communicate with Alice Greer. State the day of the week, the time of the day, and the type of study or program that you prefer. The groups will be open to you and your friends.

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HOUSE TOUR

DECEMBER 6 AND 7

San Diego Floral Association will sponsor a house tour of several well-known and representative homes. Christmas decor and arrangements will be a feature of each interior. Simple refreshments will be served. Watch newspapers for details.

★ ON DISPLAY ★

In Mission Hills, the homes of:

Dr. and Mrs. Purvis Martin
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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hafter
Mrs. Lester Wright

•

In Point Loma, the homes of:

Dr. and Mrs. Roy Ledford
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Tour 1.25

California Garden

FORTY-THIRD YEAR AUTUMN, 1952 VOLUME 43, NO. 3

Mrs. Cavenee believes that one should have the initiative to experiment independently of the experts, to specialize in at least one field. She is disarmingly persuasive as she urges us to become one-fact experts.

Let's Talk It Over

Evelyn L. Cavenee

I hope you'll forgive me, if I talk mostly about roses. I happen to know a little more about them than about other plants, and the point I hope to make applies to all gardening—roses are just used as an example.

I want to make a plea for more experts; in fact, a plea for each one of you to be an authority on something. Alice Anderson knows all about fuchsias, our Mr. Hieatt is an experienced rose-propagator, and Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Hottes know all about everything.

But everyone of you who gardens at all, could add invaluable data to garden-lore, by simply ascertaining for yourself even one fact. For instance, why doesn't someone find out by actual count how rose-petallage varies according to season. Then (if we happen to dislike semi-doubles) we could eliminate those that become semi-doubles in hot weather.

Or, why doesn't someone find out for certain whether it's better to water during the hot part of the day or in the evening? During this water shortage, we have all watered in the evening because the city told us that was the way to conserve water—less evaporation after sunset.

But some authorities claim that water on warm soil produces more growth per gallon. Is that true, here in San Diego? Don't look it up in a book—try it yourself. We'd all be grateful for a first hand report.

Maybe this is one reason why the editors of the California Garden find it difficult to line up articles for each issue. There are a limited number of *experts* to write for us—why not ask John Doe or his wife to contribute? Now if John Doe has established just one gardening fact, by repeated trials, he probably hasn't enough material for a full-length article, but that one fact is precious, because it's true for us here in San Diego. Why not have a department in the magaine for ONE-FACT EXPERTS? It could run something like this:

Dear Editor:

We have not divided our chrysanthemums for four years. We pinch them back and fertilize heavily. We get just as many blooms as we did when we divided and re-set them.

Dear Editor:

I grow violets successfully in full sun by keeping them heavily mulched with well-rotted sawdust.

Dear Editor:

I fed one of my roses a quart of milk every two weeks diluted in water. It grows faster and has more blossoms than the others. I've done this for two years.

Dear Editor:

I plant my gladiola bulbs upside down. The roots get more heat from the surface that way, and they come up quicker. The leaves have no trouble turning up from the bottom. I started this system in 1946.

Ridiculous? But wouldn't it be important to all of us, if any of those things *were true?* How do you know they aren't true? Do you ever try experiments, or do you wait for the next number of your garden magazine to tell you "What To Do This Month in the Garden?"

You all remember this story, from the last war. During a certain flight, the aviators were warned not to send out any messages over their radios, to avoid giving away their positions to the enemy. But the young flyers were in high spirits, and soon began chatting with each other over their microphones. A sharp command of "Silence!" came from some unidentified officer.

After a moment, one of the young flyers whispered into his microphone, "Who dat said dat?" Another irrepressible youngster "Who dat said 'who dat said dat'?" And a third whispered, "Who dat said 'who dat said 'who dat said dat'?" And so they went on, each adding his own "who dat?"

Well, after years of faithfully reading garden magazines each month, absorbing trustingly the article on "How To Raise So-And-

So's," we begin to be vaguely disturbed by the differences between the experts. Finally, we begin to wonder who *are* these horticultural authorities—"Who dat said dat?" This is August. Is the advice in this month's magazine based on experience, or is it a rehash of last August's article, by another writer, which was in turn a re-hash of the previous year's author, and so on. We begin to wonder "Who dat said 'who dat said dat'?"

Well, let's read the professional advice the first of every month, but before we rush out to follow directions, for goodness sake let's take time to talk it over! Because these authors don't always agree, here are some examples of contradictory advice.

High or Low Pruning on Roses

Everybody is thoroughly tired of this discussion but in the magazines it's still good for several articles each year.

Those who believe in high pruning say that food is stored only in the branches of the rose—the root doesn't store anything. Why cut off the food supply for next year?

The low-pruners say that pruning stimulates growth (which it does). Mr. Lammerts, the great hybridizer who develops Charlotte Armstrong, Mirandy, and other famous roses, says that our winters are not cold enough to "ripen" the higher buds—that you must cut lower (18 inches to two feet) in order to force strong new shoots.

An interesting side-light here is the experience of English gardeners. During the last war many rose gardens in England were practically abandoned due to lack of gardeners on the larger estates. The plants were not pruned for years, and yet at the end of the war a survey showed them to be as vigorous and productive as the ones in small gardens where the owners pruned as usual.

Again, Pruning

"Prune ¼ inch from leaf-bud, on a slant, high side toward the bud." Why the slant? So water or dampness will not settle in the slight depression that usually occurs when the pith shrinks. That is standard advice.

But look at the branches of any rose bush. There are practically no *vertical* branches—they go out to the sides on a slant. Now, if you prune to an upside bud (so your new growth will not grow toward the center) what happens when you cut to a slant on an outward-slanting branch? Well, that makes it level so it *will catch* water. Also, a slanting cut exposes more cambium and pith and makes a larger wound surface, open to possible infection. Some writers advise a straight cut on a slanting branch. (You'll need a carpenter's level for that one!)

Paint All Large Cuts With Tree Paint

But I've seen so many branches, carefully painted, die back to the second bud below. I've heard the same thing from other people—that tree paint seems injurious. Obviously it does seal the cut, but are you sealing infection out, or in? Very few of us will sterilize our pruning shears in a bichloride of mercury solution before every cut. Tree surgeons don't put tree paint over the cambium layer—they say it kills the growing cells wherever it touches.

Prune To a Well Rounded Shape

You have seen over and over diagrams with dotted lines showing how to prune to a well-rounded symmetrical bush.

Well, if it's roses you want—I mean blossoms—I don't think you can keep a bush well-rounded. What will you do with a Mrs. Sam McGredy, for instance, that practically always grows with a low bushy growth on one side, and one or several tall strong canes on the other? Will you cut off all this good wood in order to get a "well-rounded bush?" Or take a Hoover rose. It will send out tall branches (you could almost call them limbs) from one or more places, while the rest of the bush just grows along normally. Will you cut off this powerful new growth?

Of course, there are varieties that will stay fairly rounded; but I'd say give up the idea that roses are a symmetrical plant. Just think of them as a crop to be handled so that they produce the largest possible yield.

Not only are they not symmetrical; different varieties vary greatly in growing habits. For instance, Soeur Therese and Sierra Glow are two of the varieties that seem determined to wind into themselves. They will take off with a right hand leaf bud, and then with no alternate left hand bud will break again to the right, and then again.

Take Christopher Stone and Crimson Glory. Those two are on all lists of the best 10 or 20 roses. But here in San Diego they won't develop into a decent bush—they are low, inferior, unrounded bushes no matter how you prune.

And The Doctor, that big, beautiful, pink rose, develops into an angular awkward bush—you just have to accept its scraggly shape—you can't prune it into graceful curving growth.

And here's another maxim we all believe in because we've read it. "Keep the center of a rose bush open. Prune out branches that cross toward the middle. Cut to outside buds." This gives air-

circulation to the center. No one doubts the common sense of that rule.

But why is it that many varieties develop vigorous, in-growing shoots and few and feeble outside buds? They seem determined to have a dense, congested center. They grow better that way. Ming Toy is an example.

Possibly it's Nature's way of providing dense shade for the roots during the hot part of the day. Anyway, it's a fact to be noted, and carefully checked. *Any* persistant habit of a plant usually has a reason behind it.

In bare-root season, there's one question that always arises. When you plant the bare-root, should you fill in the hole with a mixture of earth and steer-fertilier? Many garden books recommend this. Other books warn you to fill in with earth *only,* and put the fertilier *on top,* to be watered in after planting. This is logical, because the roots are not yet established, nor ready to take in food. And they might be burned by contact with fertilier.

But lots of people always mix steer into the hole and I've never heard of a bush being injured by this treatment. Just another rule based upon human logic, but maybe not true. I would say that chemical fertilier mixed into the planting soil *will* burn new roots because I've known it to wilt newly set out bedding plants. But the salesman for one of the 6-10-4 fertilizers tells me that the modern way is to mix it into the planting soil, and to plant immediately. He said they had tried it successfully in test plots.

Two Sides To Another Time-Honored Practice

We are told to cut off the faded and dead roses promptly. I'm sure we all do it—nothing is more unsightly than a bush covered with dead blossoms. Besides, we are told, that's the quickest way to induce new bloom.

But in the nursery, with thoucands of bushes on hand, we don't get around to cleaning them all up. And I have found at least two reasons why it sometimes pays to leave the dead blossoms on for a while.

1. When you cut off a dead bloom, usually you cut two leaf-buds below (that, again, is standard advice). But there are some roses that bloom *only* from the first leaf-bud below. I read just recently that that is one reason why many people are disappointed when the climber Blaze doesn't prove ever-blooming. (Blaze is supposed to be an ever-blooming form of Paul Scarlet.) But you must cut off just one old bloom—no leaves—or it will not blossom again immediately. Perhaps this applies to other roses, too. I frankly don't know. I have noticed that many varieties will take off with new growth from just below the old bloom. Snowbird and Mrs. P. S. Dupont are examples.

2. The second advantage of *not* cutting to the second bud is this: when you do so, you immediately stimulate that particular bud into breaking into new growth. However, somewhere down the stem there is often an extra strong bud —it may be a third or a fourth. Leave the old bloom uncut, and soon the new growth will start where the bush wants it to start—from that super-bud, lower down. I've seen that happen over and over again.

No let's take a look at the All American Rose Selection awards. These awards have been universally hailed as a great service to all rose lovers—and this is really the voice of authority. But, wait a minute—let's talk it over!

The All-American winners are announced each year. This year it was Helen Traubel and Fred Howard and Vogue. Next year's winners have already been chosen: Chrysler Imperial, and Ma Perkins.

The varieties in competition are tested in gardens all over the country, and winners must prove vigorous and productive under all sorts of weather conditions. For instance, the new rose, Descanso, lost out because it didn't always survive Minnesota winters. How could anything be more irrelevant for us in the Southwest?

Could it be, perhaps, that the All American winners are the result of a levelling-out process, instead of a discriminating study of merits? Anyway, wouldn't it be far more helpful if they published, also, the names of the runner-ups, with the reasons why they lost out?

Or better still, *a full list* of the roses tested, and a list of their merits and demerits. Then we could decide for ourselves on its adaptability to our gardens. If a rose got demerits for persistant mildew, of course we wouldn't want it here; but if it just couldn't survive a Minnesota winter it would still be desirable for a large part of the country.

Another bad aspect of the All American Winners' list: it builds up year by year, a list of patented roses, backed by tremendous publicity. Naturally commercial *rose growers* want to add each winner to their sales catalogues, so each year they cut down on their selections of older, non-patented roses. The retail nurseries can only supply what the *growers* will grow. So our list of good old-timers becomes shorter each year.

But the public is to blame, too. That "winner" tag is irresistible to many people and they take for granted that they are buying the very best if they stick to that All American list.

Perhaps it would help matters if the Rose Society would also test a certain number of older, non-patented varieties each year, and announce the results. Of course anybody can grow a non-patent rose without a license from the originator, and without paying a royalty fee. There wouldn't be profits enough to finance the extravagant advertising campaigns that are characteristic of the patented All American winners. But it might be enough publicity to force the growers to replace certain old favorites on their lists, so that retail nurseries could supply them again.

Now let's leave roses and refer briefly to one of the hottest controversies at present — Organic Gardens.

I have read all the books and pamphlets on the subject that I could buy or borrow. And if you have tried it, you know how hard it is to borrow books from an organic enthusiast—he would just as soon lend you his bank account as his collection of out-of-print organic literature. (So many of the books *are* out of print!) Most of them come from the same source in ennsylvania, and of course, they are sold at a price. After reading the books you'll want supplies of compost-maker, crushed mineral rock for your soil, dried kelp for its iodine content, and (most important), a supply of hybrid earthworms. And a hundred other items, which will also be sent to you, at a certain price. After you have invested that much, you've got to believe in organic gardening—you can't afford not to.

While I was deep in research (second-hand research) on the glories of earthworms, I happened to read Chapman Grant's article in California Garden, roundly denouncing earthworms as useless and probably harmful varmints. It was quite a shock, but like a cold shower it left me feeling refreshed and wide-awake again. So, there were two sides to this question, too! All the attacks on organic gardening were (I had been assured), mere propaganda, financed by big manufacturers of chemical fertilizers. But as far as I can find out, Mr. Grant wasn't paid by anyone to write the article —he just honestly feels that way about worms.

There's an example of one of our own San Diegans having the courage to talk back to a group of experts—to say, in effect, "I'm an authority, too, and here is my opinion."

To sum it up:

Why is it worth while to spend the time it takes to review a small part of the contradictory advice we get from books and magaines?

Well, it proves one thing — YOU must be the experts—you and I. What the professional writers told you to do didn't work, and you know it didn't, even if you didn't write a book about it.

Let's find out something for ourselves—and then stop wondering whether we are right.

For example, haven't you read in every garden book you own, the following phrase: "A regular dusting with sulphur and fungicide will prevent rust and mildew"? Do any of you really believe that? Do you still even wonder whether it's true or not? Those remedies help, of course. But, do they "prevent?"

A man was having trouble getting the right telephone number. Finally, in exasperation, he shouted at Central, "Listen, am I crazy or are you?"

Central answered, "I'm sorry, Sir, we do not have that information."

Well, nobody has that information except you. Don't go on wondering who's crazy; don't go on searching for a final authority on everything. Stop whispering, "who dat said dat?"

Stand up and take your rightful place as an authority. You know something we don't know. Tell us about it. We'll be forever grateful.

In conclusion (and to change the subject) let's consider the new soil-conditioner, Krilium. It has been written up by all the Science and Garden magazines, so many of you know about it. Krilium is a fine powder, to be dug into the top 3 to 6 inches of soil, or deeper for large shrubs. It changes clay (adobe) to a crumbly, loamy soil. This is done chemically, not mechanically, as it is when you add peat moss or sand.

Also plant roots push easily through such light, crumbly soil, so growth is accelerated. We heard from one person who treated her seed bed with Krilium. She said the seed sprouted and grew unbelievably fast.

Although Krilium has just recently come on the market, there are already many other products claiming the same results. Time will tell whether all are of equal value. But Krilium is one of the most important horticultural discoveries I know of, because it was the pioneer in the field—the first successful attempt actually to change the structure of clay chemically, with one treatment, and with lasting results.

I hope you will all try it out in the months ahead. Perhaps some of you will have conflicting results. Perhaps you will discover new ways of using it for special purposes.

This is really an important new garden discovery; so when you are ready with your conclusions, make your report to the Floral Association—and let's talk it over.

Mr. Weaver makes more plausible that incredible bit of fluff, the hummingbird.

Entertaining The Hummer

EMMOR BROOKS WEAVER

Many people were privileged to view a charming sight last season at a sanctuary that had been established for the humming birds at Edward's cottage on the brink of a sycamore shaded canyon which afforded every advantage for their nesting location. At that time the birds swarmed the feeders in great numbers and the amazed observer could stand among them so close as to feel their wings brush past his face.

Later, alas, this whirl of cooperative activity was halted, a time of dread had come, an iron curtain had fallen. Symbolic of the outer world's trend toward mistrust and restriction of freedom, these birds came under the domination of an "Old Joe" and also a "Hitler," two tyrants at once, who separated the inside feeders from the porch feeders—Old Joe on the east, Hitler on the west, each guarding his own side all day long and savagely driving away other birds in their repeated efforts to get the food that had formerly been theirs to enjoy.

Different forms of feeders for such use are used, but they need screen to keep out bees, and some means to stop ants from reaching the holders. Three parts water and one part granulated sugar is the best formula. This should be boiled for five minutes, and the feeders need frequent sterilization. The use of honey instead of sugar has not proven so suitable. Confined hummers have been kept several seasons in healthy condition with only this sugar syrup.

Five varieties of hummers nest in California, including the Black Chin, Costa, Allen, Calliope and Anna, all of which migrate to the South in winter time except the Anna, which is here throughout the year, even nesting in December and January, despite frosty nights and chill rain. One nest of young Annas matured here in January, surviving in their tiniest stage a continuous six days of cold, wind and rain. One mother Anna built five nests through December, January, and February of our season, all but one of which were lost through misadventure, yet that one nest served to mature a family. One of the young was afraid and clung to the nest two days after its mate had flown. The mother exhausted her patience and at its final feeding in the nest, she was seen to jerk it up in the air and release it to be obliged to use its own wings.

The mother bird alone does all the nest building, the hatching, the feeding and care of the young. She does not even seem to want the old man around. Her ways seem little governed by intelligence; instead, she is driven in her different functions by certain cycles of instinctive urge from which she is unable to deviate. She persists blindly at her job through disturbances which would cause other birds to abandon their nests. The food of the hummers is of small insects as well as nectar, and their long retractible tongue reaches far beyond the tip of their bills.

The nests of humming birds are largely dependent upon cobwebs for their structure and anchorage. While gathering this cobweb the mother bird can often be seen ranging back and forth over an area of foliage, scooping it on the wing. Fur, hair, vegetable fiber and tiny feathers are woven, matted and held by this medium. The nest of the Black Chin variety is unique in the use of the cobweb combined with the fuzz from sycamore foliage making a felt of remarkable texture which is thin but strong and flexible. These nests are plain and unadorned outside, when nests of the other hummer varieties are mostly decorated with sequins of lichen over the outer surface.

The feathers of the crown and neck piece (gorget) have construction that makes them shine with incandescent brilliancy when the angle of reflection from the sun is in line with one's eyes. Color photos have now been achieved to catch this blaze to perfection.

Over the years many humming bird nests have been built and occupied in a single tree in plain view outside our window, which has kept with us a long sustained interest, but between us there has seemed to grow no familiarity.

In such contrast were our feelings played upon yesterday by the introduction to a half grown fledgling of the tanager family that had fallen from a high nest when newly hatched and had to be bottle raised, so to speak, by its rescuers.

Although from a family timid and wild in the extreme this young bird comes to a stranger with immediate trust, at once starting an exploration extending from head to foot with lively curiosity, and it loves for some bit to be held between the fingers to make for it a dandy tugging game.

Warning should be given however that this gratification at the adoption of wild birds has its certain sad corollary, because they cannot afterward be released to their own kind with anything but fatal results.

A landscape artist paints on a word palate a—

Plant Portrait

ROLAND HOYT

Olea europaea, the common olive so frequently grown for ornament in Southern California, owns to an ancient past with other than human traditions that place it actually and subjectively in the regions of the arid Southwest. There it can render itself out in heat, dryness and sterility, as of its native Mediterranean shores. It is ordinarily found as a round-headed, bushy tree at some 25 feet in height, the substantial foliage active in the wind as the silvered undersides of the leaves rise and turn for a moment to the sun.

They may be grown in more humid climates, such as in Florida and along the upper Gulf Coast; but never there will desiccating, sapless winds and fuming sun bring out the rich individualism, nor there contrive the knarling buttress, forged roughly in curling burls. Never there will be found the winding grizzled stems, only obscured by the olive-termed, grey green foliage that lightens and pales out to the dusty hue of the summer desert. And not there or in any well kept garden, will there ever develop this unique appearance of decline that will not conclude and come to a natural end.

Indestructible. steadfast, immutable, these old trees seem to stand for something . . . probably that essential part of people that resists too rapid change; an exaltation in nature that is constant, that looks to a northern star and is incredibly out of step with the fast-moving affairs of marching humans that need must . . . willy nilly.

In California, people find such trees in early, long-forgotten plantings, some reaching back nearly or more than a hundred years, deserted now to the elements, and move them into their gardens. Starve them there too, and retain the rich character of these tough grey friars of the sun. Let them continue to stand for a rare effect, chiseled arms reaching up as if in supplication . . . a Hopi-prayer for rain that will not come. Feed them; give them generously of the defaulting rain; with every aid and help, they become just another tree, lush, full-blown, handsome . . . conformist.

OUR 65th ANNIVERSARY

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Mr. Fleming stirs our pride in our national forest lands, state parks, county and city parks, and asks our cooperation in maintaining their beauty.

Living Museums of San Diego County

Guy L. Fleming

At any season of the year it seems appropriate that we discuss "nature preservation," for we have come to realize that there is much of value in nature that we must protect. We must preserve wild areas in every part of the country, so that our children will grow to understand and appreciate the living world. We need these samples of each sort of natural feature for their scientific, educational and esthetic values.

San Diego county is unique among the many counties of this great State of California in its possession of unusual types of landscape set aside and dedicated for our recreational, educational and inspirational enjoyment. These areas we know as national forest lands, state parks, and county and city parks.

We may be truly proud of having one of the finest areas in the United States to be declared a National Forest. We have nine areas officially known as State Parks (more than any other county in California). Anza Desert and Cuyamaca Rancho are the two largest State Parks. Our county and city parks are well known and are an attraction to out-of-state visitors. Our pride in these areas, a heritage from citizens with a vision, must be tempered, however, with realization that it is our responsibility to protect this heritage and hold it in trust for each generation.

Each forest and park offers exhibits in natural history, and each can be considered a "living museum." They show us what this land was like when the pioneers began to settle our county. These living records of natural conditions will remain to teach future generations the true character of our land, most of which has been greatly altered for our use.

Balboa Park is internationally famous. Although man-made, it is also a living museum, for it contains a wonderful collection of trees, shrubs and flowering plants from all parts of the world.

San Diego County's outstanding living museum, Torrey Pines Park, is 16 miles from Civic Center, at the northern limits of the City of San Diego. Here, a wonderful natural monument forms the portal of El Camino Real (The King's Highway), principal thoroughfare into the city. This was carved by the winds and the waters in an ancient terrace, or mesa, that arose from the sea.

A few thousand years ago a great plant migration took place bringing down onto this coast of California certain nut pines, shrubs and flowering plants. In the centuries which followed changes in the landscape greatly altered the character and forms of the plant inhabitants. The pine trees gradually gave way to the change, making their last stand among the rugged canyons and clinging to the colorful sandstone cliffs of this monument at San Diego's gateway. Dwarfed, gnarled and twisted, they send their roots far down over the cliffs seeking a stronger foothold and nourishment. They stand as a wonderful example of tenacity and of adaptation to environment.

We have found no mention of these pines in any Mission records, or in the diaries of Spanish explorers. The first Americans to visit the region called these trees the Soledad (solitary) Pines, because they are found growing on the seaward slopes on both sides of the Soledad Valley.

They were discovered as a new species of pine in the spring of 1850, by Dr. Charles C. Parry, official botanist of the Mexican Boundary Survey, and were named by him Pinus Torreyana, in honor of his former professor of botany, Dr. John Torrey of New York, one of our foremost American botanists.

As these rare trees were discovered in 1850, the year in which California was admitted to the Union, it is appropriate that they be called California's Birthday Trees.

Dr. Parry returned to California in February, 1883, and in March of that year he gave an account of his discovery of the Torrey Pines at a meeting of the San Diego Society of Natural History. At that time he urged San Diego "to secure from threatened extermination this remarkable and unique Pacific coast production so singularly confined within its boundaries; dedicating this spot of ground forever to the cause of scientific instruction and re-creation."

In 1899 George Marston, Daniel Cleveland and other interested citizens induced the City Council to set aside 369 acres of certain pueblo lands as a city park. The city ordinance, enacted August 10, 1899, recites: "that there is growing upon these lands certain rare and valuable trees of the variety known as Pinus Torreyana, and it is the wish and desire of the said City of San Diego to preserve these trees."

Some years later Miss Ellen B. Scripps purchased lands adjoining the park area, on the north, which contained some of the finest groves of Torrey Pines, native shrub and flower areas, and the interesting marsh lands of the Torrey Pines Estuary.

In 1916, the S. D. Society of Natural History and the S. D. Floral Association joined forces to awaken public support in preservation of the Torrey Pines and their picturesque environment. Miss Scripps became the patroness of the movement and through her active interest and generous appropriation of funds the Torrey Pines Preserve was founded.

Miss Scripps made provision in her will that the land she had purchased be given to the City of San Diego, stating, "By including my holdings therein a beautiful natural park would be rounded out and would constitute an attractive gateway to the city . . . Permanent preservation of those rare trees and securing in perpetuity the scenic beauty of that region is vital . . . I have the vision that the time will come when not only the scenic beauty but the educational and recreational values of the Torrey Pines tract and Park will be appreciated."

Those of us who were associated with Miss Scripps know that her vision was that the Torrey Pines Park would become known as an outstanding nature reserve—a Living Museum, holding in perpetuity an unusual exhibit of a relic forest and its associated flora and fauna, an exhibit which cannot be excelled or duplicated anywhere in the world.

However, if Torrey Pines Park is to be retained as a Living Museum there must be public desire for its preservation as a natural reserve. In order to afford the public an opportunity to express its interest in protecting this area the Torrey Pines Association was founded and incorporated in February, 1950. Its by-laws state: "That the purposes for which this corporation is formed are to associate together persons for the protection and preservation in perpetuity of the rare Torrey Pines and their associated flora and fauna within the unique geological area officially dedicated and known as 'Torrey Pines Park,' in the County of San Diego, California."

In closing I request your cooperation in controlling a major pest now infesting our forests, park and roadside. This pest is the two-legged predator that scatters papers, cans, bottles and other litter in our Living Museums and along the roadside. SWAT THE LITTER BUG!

New Books

Dorothy Harvey

Flowering Trees of the Carribbean, by Bernhard and Harriet Pertchik. Rinehart and Company, Incorporated. New York, 1951. $10.00.

A book of exceptionally beautiful and accurate paintings of 30 tropical flowering trees has been published recently. Many are native to the Americas; others, such as the Golden Shower, African Tulip Tree, and the Royal Poniciana, are introduced species which are now planted around the world in the tropics and will be familiar to those who have visited Hawaii. A few such as Bauhinia, Erythrina, and Jacaranda are familiar sights in San Diego.

The idea behind the book was first thought of by Mr. William C. White, of the Alcoa Steamship Company, during World War II, while on duty in the Caribbean on the daily bomber run between Trinidad and Suriname in search of enemy submarines. The interest kindled by the brilliant colors of the flowering trees of the forests led to a search for information about them. The present book is the result of the intervening years of research by many people. Each illustration is accompanied by a scholarly text, giving accurate botanical descriptions and history, uses, interesting folk lore, common names used in the different countries.

The artists are a young couple who had no knowledge of flowering trees or of the Caribbean when they began their work. They are indeed to be congratulated on their superb accomplishment.

There is a glossary and an excellent and extensive bibliography on tropical plants appended.

The Alcoa Steamship Company has underwritten the cost of art and engraving making it possible to publish such a book at a moderate price.

The original paintings were done in an opaque tempera on Wattman illustration board. The prints are reproduced in seven colors on special paper by offset lithography printing. Prints suitable for framing are available of the fourteen illustrations which are to be used in advertising.

Miss Ogden advocates flowering shrubs as a backdrop for boundary lines, as a relief from the traditional.

Instead of A Hedge

Bernice Ogden

In California, when a man buys a home that has not been landscaped, one of his first desires is to mark the boundaries of his domain. He may decide to use a fence or a wall, but the greater probability is that he will decide upon a hedge.

It is so easy to visualize a hedge. One can close his eyes, and with no effort at all picture one neatly clipped on at least three sides of his property. If he should close his eyes a second time and foresee the many hours of labor required to keep that boundary neatly clipped, he might investigate the advantages of a mixed shrub border.

Planting a variety of flowering shrubs in place of a hedge will add beauty to the landscape. With different plants coming into bloom throughout the year, a seasonal interest and anticipation will give the family much pleasure. After a few years, flowering branches can often be used for home decoration instead of cut flowers.

It is true that a hedge has its place where a formal note is desired. It still makes a useful division between your neighbor's front lawn and your own. Furthermore, your neighbor may not be pleased with any decided innovation from the usual.

At the rear of the house, however, you can be much freer in your ideas. Here, informality can be the keynote. If your neighbor has a building that you consider an eyesore, you can plant tall shrubs.

Some shrubs which ordinarily reach a height of 10 feet or over are hibiscus, Ceanothus arboreus (California lilac), the new hybrid ceanothus known as Sierra Blue, Duranta repens (golden dewdrops), Callistemon viminalis (scarlet bottle brush), Escallonia montevidensis, and Spartium junceum (Spanish Broom).

A border of shrubs which usually attain a height of four to eight feet, or can be kept so by pruning, will be more practical for most homes. In this height range, there is a greater choice of material. One may even think of color schemes. If the shrubs chosen have either blue, white, or yellow blossoms, there would seldom be any color conflict with the flower garden or shrubs or vines planted closer to the house or inside the patio.

Shrubs which have blue flowers might be selected from the following: Plumbago capensis, Brunfelsia calycina floribunda (Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow), the hybrid ceanothus known as Morning Mist, Eranthemum nervosum, an intense sky blue, or Solanum rantonetti with a purplish-blue flower.

Yellow or gold-colored flowers light up the border. Cassia splendida is a large shrub with flowers a half-inch or more in diameter. Jasminum humile revolutum has small flowers but is light and rather graceful. There are handsome yellow hibiscus. These might require occasional pruning to keep them in line but no great output of labor.

Very often, the shrubs bearing white or pinkish-white flowers have better foliage and an attractive appearance even when not in bloom. Viburnum suspensum has clusters of small flowers but deep green foliage. Murraea exotica has light shining green leaves and fragrant flowers. Raphiolepis ovata is neat and very hardy. Cestrum parqui (Night-blooming Jasmine) might be included for those who like deeply fragrant flowers.

Although the predominant colors of your border may be yellow, blue and white, it is still permissable to add a touch of pink. One of the pink leptospermums or the rosy Christmas heather (Erica caniculata rosea) or one of the pink escallonias would be attractive. An occasional deciduous flowering shrub such as a spiraea, flowering almond, or a pink weigela would be enjoyed by many people.

There are many other shrubs which could be used to advantage. Pyracanthus with their white flowers in spring and their scarlet berries in the winter time could be used either alone or combined with other shrubs which bear white flowers

From the foregoing, it can plainly be seen that a border of flowering shrubs does require some mental as well as physical effort One would have to become acquainted with a variety of shrubs and then make the choices. Without doubt, a professional landscape architect would accomplish a more artistic effect. On the other hand, more lasting interest usually accompanies one's own efforts.

As for the expense, the initial cost of the flowering shrubs is somewhat greater than the cost of the usual hedge. The upkeep, however, should be much less.

With the free use of flowering shrubs, we can add more beauty to our California cities.

For the maximum of enjoyment, grow camellias with the minimum of care. Mr. Atherton tells how.

Pick and Shovel Camellia Culture

LUCIEN ATHERTON

It is better to put a dollar plant into a fifty dollar hole, than to put a fifty dollar plant into a dollar hole. This policy was adopted when I decided to plant camellias in the ground.

My camellias do very well in containers, but like most gardeners, I like to see plants growing in the good earth. It is the natural way, it seems more permanent, and it presents a more homelike appearance. Yet, I know that camellias are ideal container plants, often performing better than when planted in the ground. A large percentage of my plants are and always will be grown in containers.

The camellia is my favorite shrub, but I refuse to allow it to monopolize the garden. I want a well balanced garden with year around color, in which the beautiful camellia foliage and blooms predominate. This is another reason for wanting to grow camellias in the ground.

San Diego soils are variable, with much of the central area consisting of adobe and sandstone. This furnishes a solid foundation for buildings, but does not meet the soil requirements for such plants as camellias. The general practice in preparing for the planting of trees and large shrubs, is to crack or break this soil by blasting.

Blasting is too dangerous near a home, so that left no choice for me except by pick and shovel excavation. Fortunately my lot is sloping and elevated two or three feet above the street level. This guaranteed drainage once the beds were dug and refilled. The amount of surface soil was so small that I made no effort to save any of it. The top ten or twelve inches was red adobe with some small boulders mixed in for good measure. From there down I had sandstone. After being picked out, it was carried two blocks in a small wheelbarrow and dumped into a canyon.

My first bed measured eight ft. by thirty-five ft., and varied from two or three feet in depth. After building a six-inch concrete retaining wall along its entire length, I laid a four-inch tile which drained into the side street. Four inches of gravel was placed in the bottom of the hole. The balance of the hole was filled with a soil mixture composed as follows: four parts red sandy topsoil, two parts peat moss and one part leaf mold. These materials were mixed, tamped and watered down. The amounts of materials purchased to fill this planting bed were: 34 12-inch lengths red tile, two yards gravel, two yards leaf mold, nine yards topsoil, and 10 bales peat moss. The physical work involved could hardly be classified as mild exercise.

35 different varieties were planted in this bed. That was five years ago. Since then I have, by the same process, "created" two more camellia beds, one five feet by 32 feet, the other eight feet by 10 feet. Due to the surrounding soil these beds might be considered as large containers holding multiple plantings.

Is it worth the work? Yes. These beds are permanent camellia plantings which meet the ideal cultural needs. They require a minimum of care. They will give a maximum of enjoyment.

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Marion delves into some Julian history, comes up with the true facts from Ida Bailey Wellington, whose father, D. D. Bailey, founded the town of Julian.

Leaves From The Observer's Notebook

MARION ALMY LIPPITT

The whir of the lawn mower synchronized perfectly with the click of my typewriter. Each time the whir stopped, I lurched forward like a motorist who applies his brake too suddenly. The third time it happened I reached over and swung open the living room window. It nearly clipped Henry's ear. He stood sideways to me, leaning back against the handle of the lawn mower, his eyeshade cocked at a jaunty angle. Producing an apple from his pocket, he occupied himself in reducing it to a core. He glanced at me unperturbed by his recent brush with danger.

Formally he bowed, and between bites remarked, "Fancy meeting you here!"

I did not reply. When he tossed the core into the guava hedge I offered him another small apple from the bowl on the table beside me.

He looked at it speculatively. "A man named Adam," he said, "got into terrible trouble once by accepting an apple from a lady."

"But that wasn't a Julian apple," I coaxed.

"How do you know?" he retorted.

He took the apple and scrutinized it carefully. He rubbed its smooth coolness against his cheek, whiffed its fragrance and bit into it with a snap that broke it in half.

When he had finished eating it he asked: "Do you know what Adam said to Eve when she offered him the apple?"

I shook my head.

"Adam said, 'What—no cellophane'?"

I laughed explosively. Henry eyed me without sympathy.

"It isn't as funny as that," he remarked.

But already he was off to a new start, quite evidently trying to remember something.

"Who said this?" he asked and quoted:

"The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The folded chestnut burst its shell."

I shut my eyes and mentally leafed through the volumes on the poetry shelf in my library. Then I added,

"The grapes hung purpling range on range."

"That's it, but who said it?" questioned Henry.

"I think it was your versifyer."

Henry looked at me menacingly. He began to roll up his sleeves and approached me as if to do battle. I had dared to call his poet Thomas Baily Aldrich a "versifyer!"

As he drew nearer, I put out my hand in the stop signal of a traffic cop.

"Hold it, Gorgeous George." I bantered. "Now, listen . . . "

But before I could remonstrate further we both heard the exhaust of a motor in the lane and the familiar toot of the mailman's horn. The sound was more than familiar, for Mr. Willis had transferred the horn from his original Model T Ford to his present modern version of Rural Free Delivery.

Henry turned on his heel, waved me a passing farewell and strolled off to get the mail. He would, I knew, stop to discuss the state of the nation with Mr. Willis.

While he was away I rummaged through the papers on my table to find the unpublished poem of Katherine Ellis Barrett about the absence of apples in the early days in Iowa. Althea Warren had sent it to me in her last letter.

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"Here it is," I said aloud, slipping the manuscript from the bottom of the pile of papers.

It told the story of small Flora Ann receiving her one-ninth share of an apple that Father had brought home to divide amongst the family. In "York State" apples—

"Grew on trees by the barrelful
More useful in wintertime than wool.
You ate them fresh, you ate them dried.
You ate them roasted and stewed and fried.
You ate them dumplinged. You ate them pied.
You made turnovers with them inside.

And then because there were no apples in Iowa, small Flora Ann—

"Longed to remember one crunching bite
But never could do it, try as she might."

Think of the excitement—

"When she suddenly heard a brother shout—
'Pa's brought an apple home. Flo! Come out'!"

You could fairly taste Flora Ann'e bite! In fact the poem's name is "Apple Taste."

Just as I finished reading the poem Henry reappeared, waving a letter and appropriately humming "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me."

"Yes, it's the one you wanted from Mrs. Wellington," he said.

Henry tore open the envelope and handed the letter to me. I started to read it to myself, but it was too good to keep.

"Here, come listen to this," I said.

"Dear Mrs. Lippitt:

"Yes, I am D. D. Bailey's daughter—one of his twelve children. My father founded the town of Julian, California, in 1870. He named it after his cousin, Mike Julian, because Mike panned the first gold discovered there. Father, his two brothers, and his cousins, Webb and Mike Julian, came out from Georgia after the Civil War. They all had been messengers in Gen. Joseph Wheeler's Cavalry Regiment. Like many young Southerners they were discouraged by conditions in the South. They sought new beginnings, and did not object to a bit of adventure and gold thrown in.

"The Julians and James and Frank Bailey left, but Father fell in love with the well-watered, fertile valley, and stayed in.

"In 1875 D. D. Bailey and Annie Laurie Redman were married in Julian. Annie Laurie, my mother, was the niece of Louis Redman, who discovered the Redman Mine in Banner. I was born in Banner.

"After they struck gold in Coleman's Creek, settlers flocked in, in covered wagons. Father gave lots for the churches, the school, jail, and the Town Hall. Among the settlers were two Irishmen, Jame Madison and Thomas Brady. They were farmers at heart and not miners. In the face of scoffs and jeers they staked their claims with an eye to soil and sun.

"They hitched their four horses to their wagon and in three weeks returned from the central part of the state with a load of small apple trees. This was the start of the Julian apple industry.

"Julian's gold and apples continue to lure people. For years a golden apple has been awarded to the outgoing president of the Julian Chamber of Commerce. Since 1907 the industry has won many awards and medals for its apples as far east as Virginia.

"Perhaps its best commercial varieties are Delicious, Julian Duchess, Jonathan, and Roman Beauty. 850 tons is an average annual crop. While Julian apples have received trophies for the largest apples on display, I think their small crisp apples are the ones to win the public's heart.

"Is it because we all cherish the memory of a certain apple from a certain tree in the orchard of our parents or grandparents?

"May I, a pioneer, extend greetings to you, an old-timer.

Cordially yours,
IDA BAILEY WELLINGTON."

As I finished, I sighed—a sigh of contentment.

"I enjoy being classed among the old-timers. Speaking of old-timers, what did Mr. Willis contribute to the philosophy of living?" I asked.

Henry's eyes were merry. "Mr. Willis said—'I don't pay these politics no-never-mind, and I don't aim to get bothered by this election! Cause if they can't get a better man, they can't get a worse.' "

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In the first of a two-installment feature, members of San Diego Floral Association Board have thumb-nailed one another's sketches, and we find out—

Who's Who On The Board

Mrs. Eugene Daney, Jr., President

It is not surprising that Stella Carlyle Daney (Mrs. Eugene Daney, Jr.) has a great love for all growing things because she was born in Gualala in beautiful Mendicino County. Her earliest recollections are of wooded hillsides, lush ferns, dashing streams, and fields of wildflowers. Her parents' home was on a cliff overlooking the blue Pacific. Her great love of trees began in early childhood and wherever she chanced to travel in later life, she was particularly interested in studying trees. As there was no high school in Gualala, her mother took an apartment in San Francisco where her grandfather owned a shipping port and there she and her brothers and sisters went to school. Later some chose Stanford University and others the University of California. Stella Daney is a graduate of the University of California and it was there that she met her husband, Judge Eugene Daney, Jr.

Her family moved from Mendicino County to the Santa Clara Valley between Gilroy and San Jose. There her father planted many acres of prunes and was the pioneer grower of the Santa Clara Valley. Stella Daney grew up knowing all about sprays, fertilizers, and soil conditioners. Perhaps that is one reason why the plants in her garden have that wonderfully cared for look.

The Eugene Daneys have lived in San Diego 40 years. Mrs. Daney is a member of the Women's University Club, The Wednesday Club, and is President of the San Diego Floral Association. Her first love is fuchsias of which she has a very fine collection. She has been particularly successful with the hanging basket type and is well known for her rose garden which she likes to share with her friends, so the privileged are asked for luncheon in her garden when the roses are in the height of their bloom.

Mrs. Daney is not only a native Californian, she is a sixth generation Californian—truly a daughter of the Golden West.

—Lillian D. Brown.

Mrs. Harlie H. Brown, Vice-President

To appreciate the full charm of our vice-president one should have a peep into her lovely home and into her walled semitropical garden. Both are filled with beautiful treasures, mementos of her travels at home and abroad, indicating the lore of beauty which is the key to the personality of Lillian Brown.

Lillian was born Lillian Dunlap in Ranchito, California—a town which no longer exists but which was located near the present town of Whittier.

Lillian graduated from Whittier High School and then enrolled at Stanford University. At the end of her first college year she travelled in Europe but returned for her degree. On two occasions after her graduation she again went to Europe and it was from these trips that she gained her love of gardens.

After her marriage to Lt. Comdr. Harlie Brown, they lived for a time in Los Angeles, then two years in La Jolla, and eventually they built their artistic home on Point Loma.

In all these years Lillian's interests have centered on the arts and flowers. She has reduced the care of her garden so that she can do the work herself because she loves it. Her garden contains a collection of rare subtropical and shade-loving plants, and a hothouse of anthuriums and orchids. This explains why so many of her friends can display such extravagant abandon in the wearing of orchid corsages, for Lillian is well known for her generosity in the sharing of her flowers.

Some years ago she made a trip into the tropical regions of Mexico and brought home a collection of Mexican orchids. These have little commercial value but they served to stimulate her interest in the assembling of species orchids, and the result is her lovely collection of Cattleyas.

In the middle of her walled garden she has a bricked area shaded by a handsome canopy of foliage and surrounded by lush tropical planting. A tree tomato on which the fruit ripens is of interest. There is a Schefflera, usually a house plant, but here it grows outdoors and looks in her second story window.

Lillian has recently served for two years as president of the Women's University Club of San Diego, is a member of the Alfred D. Robinson Begonia Society, and until recently was a member of the Rose and Orchid Societies.

—Stella Daney.

Mrs. George Heyneman, Recording Secretary

Alice Wagenheim Heyneman (Mrs. George) grew up in a fam-

ily of book collectors and gardeners. Although her major at Vassar was English, her enthusiasms during more than two decades have concerned gardening, together with collecting the art and literature which have clustered about it.

Mrs. Heyneman's large collection on the subject of plants and flowers includes humerous old books, many rare ones, and scores of volumes that are in themselves works of art: a quaint herbal, which bears the date 1586; an especially fine work of the early Eighteenth Century on cactus; a book of beautiful flower prints, "Botanist's Repository," published in 1797; Dunthorne's "Bibliography of Flower and Fruit Prints;" and rare volumes with hand colored plates of flowers, birds, and insects.

One of the most admired books of the collection, "Flora Londonensis," printed and illustrated in 1777, was bound by Mrs. Heyneman in her own bindery, a small building in the garden.

Mrs. Heyneman is the mother of three children—a daughter living in New York, a daughter in Berkeley, and a son majoring in mathematics in France.

Since childhood, Mrs. Heyneman has had a special interest in painting. "Always" she has wanted to paint, and now is able to find the time to indulge that desire.

In her garden, which is one of Miss Kate Sessions' earliest, Alice Wangenheim Heyneman prunes the much-loved roses, and finds special joy in her favorite camellias. —Della Willien.

Ethel Ina Hoyt, Corresponding Secretary

Born in Ida County, Iowa, Ethel Hoyt taught school for several years before going to Des Moines where she was caught with three jobs during World War I, one being secretary to Senator Guy Gillette. She had met and soon married the now eminent landscape architect Roland Hoyt, who rescued her from this arduous life and brought her to this Heaven on Earth country.

Assisting her husband and rearing two boys kept her busy for some years, but always at the back of her mind was the desire to raise and arrange flowers. When a series of lectures was given in San Diego by Mrs. Haruko Obata, of the University of California, Ethel Hoyt received her inspiration to create flower arrangements with line and design so dominant a feature of the Japanese school of floral art. Since then she has assembled a library of flower arrangement books, enrolled in classes, and been a consistent winner in the neighboring flower shows. She has a collection of roses and feels that the Florabundas are the ones most worthy of cultivation because of their abundance of good bloom for her floral creations. —Alfred C. Hottes.

Mrs. Samuel A. Durr

Margaret Kew Durr (Mrs. Samuel A.) came inevitably into the avocation of gardening, because her mother, Mrs. Michael Kew, had been a true gardener and an early enthusiast in flower arrangements.

Mrs. Durr, a woman of many and vared interests, finds much pleasure in raising plants from seed. Not only does she get satisfaction and real fun from the expected results, but also from the unexpected. Among the seeds she sows early are such as stocks and snapdragons, later, godetias and scabiosas. Her plants from seed run the gamut in size, color, and length of service: a hybrid lily growing six feet tall, and a spurred yellow columbine remaining radiant through seven years of bearing. Gloxinias and cinerarias for her lathhouse have been a delight, as have dahlias and chrysanthemums, particularly the Korean hybrids.

Since a handful of seeds will furnish a multiplicity of plants, Mrs. Durr is able to share her precious dividends, thereby making the neighboring world richer in beauty, whether it be through a small bouquet to cheer a friend, or the profusion of blossoms to decorate a wedding chancel. And so, this hobby of growing plants from seed is a practical as well as a pleasurable activity.

Another special interest of Mrs. Durr's is the growing of tuberous begonias, in which she has been successful. Still another interest is travel. Although a native San Diegan, she reacts with enthusiasm to the charm of certain distant places, especially to Canada and New England.

Mrs. Durr is the mother of two daughters, one of whom has taught botany, and both of whom share their mother's predilection for green growing things.

—Della Willien.

Alice Clark

An old Scottish gardener once characterized a mutual friend as being a "glutton for work." Yes, that's Alice Clark. She has held every office in the San Diego Floral Association and done the real work when others were elected but neglected to do their jobs.

Alice Clark was born in Ogden, Utah, but lived her childhood in Salt Lake City. She graduated from Mills College, in Oakland, specializing in English but she was always more interested in art having studied with Teddy Cabnasso and William Chase. Moving to

San Diego, she with several friends opened an art studio at the time of the first exposition. They studied with a group of Robert Henri's students who acted as instructors.

In 1917 she married John Clark and gave up her art for her family which included two daughters. The girls having grown up, Alice Clark returned to her art. Now she did not paint landscapes but she began to devote herself to watercolor painting, life-size sketches of the local begonia hybrids—exquisite studies with every hair in place, every flower burgeoning from her paper. Her work appears repeatedly in the American Begonia Society Bulletin.

She organized the Eva Kenworthy Gray Begonia Society of La Jolla and the Garden Section of the American Association of University Women's Clubs.

She has written widely on begonias and other flowers and her sage council is sought far and wide. —Alfred C. Hottes.

Mrs. J. Terrell Scott

I would say interviewing Mrs. J. Terrell Scott was a profitable venture. She gave me something to snicker over in my hours of ease; and home made grape jelly for the following evening's biscuits.

Well, wouldn't it give you the giggles to remember a calm-brown-eyed lady announcing she was a newcomer to San Diego since she'd only lived here 20 years—perfectly straight-face, too. She did explain that where her husband came from—Lynchburg, Virginia—you had to stay put three generations before you were considered in the old-timer class. Land-sakes, how these United States do differ in some ways.

Mrs. Scott's husband is a retired physician from the above-mentioned, deep-rooted section of our country. Mrs. Scott herself is a Colorado girl, born in Grand Junction on the western slope of the Rockies. She majored in English literature at Colorado State University. She still has the university habit and will audit a course in modern history at San Diego State College this year.

Her balance for this course is an adult sewing class and I do wonder if she likes it as much as history. Anyway, she's been a member of the Floral Association for about 15 years and believes that the late Mrs. Mary A. Greer got her to join. She's in charge of the programs this year, and formerly worked with the refreshment committee. —Ada Perry.

Firewheeltree

Alfred C. Hottes

Sten-o-kar' pus. From the Greek for *narrow fruit,* the follicles are long and narrow. Family Proteaceae, related to Grevillea and Banksia.

Stenocarpus sinuatus (cunninghami) is variously called the Firewheeltree, Chandelierflower, Floral pinwheel, and White Beefwood. It was introduced to Europe in about 1847 from Queensland and New South Wales. This is one of the most unusual flowering trees, but few of these trees have been seen blooming in California. Ernest Lord says that they must be 10 years old to flower. The trees will attain a height of 60 to 100 feet. The bright red flowers are produced in 12- to 20-flowered umbels, wheel-like. The tight buds are cylindrical and burst open to spew out in all directions. The flower clusters are produced on the end of a branch, in the fork of a branch, or even arise from quite large branches near the trunk. The leaves are similar to those of a White Oak which has rounded lobes.

The writer was amused to watch the slow development of these flowers on a tree at the Evans and Reeves Nursery, West Los Angeles. The first evidence that the tree would flower was the appearance of tiny dots the size of pinheads, which three months later had grown out on stalks but the buds were not appreciably larger. For about three months more they were still developing and at the end of six or eight months the first flowers started to open.

The illustration on the cover shows how the flowers are formed. As in other members in this family, the Proteaceae, there are 4 sepals which bear the stamens. The pistil at the center is jointed and bears a hat-shaped stigma.

The Scrub Beefwood, *Stenocarpus salignus,* is less showy but valuable for its beef-colored timber. The flowers are small and whitish.

Use and Culture. This is a tree for the warmer regions although it is said to stand a temperature of 26 degrees. In Queensland the wood is used for cabinet work and veneer for it is beautifully marked and takes a high polish. The tree succeeds along the coast and in the foothills where it likes water and is supposed to like an acid soil.

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Garden Chores

ADA PERRY

I asked my associates for ideas about the chores this fall and I should have my head examined. They fled like frightened does; and bucks, too. They have been peeping around palm tree trunks at me ever since; big, fat, palm tree trunks. I hope they get 1952 finch nests down their necks.

We might divide this into two parts: planting and upkeep; and then divide planting into seeds, set-outs, and bulbs; and upkeep into fertilizing, storing and pruning.

Fall is for sowing the S's: stocks, snapdragons and sweet peas. The other favorites are calendulas, cinerarias, pansies and violas. People get a great yen for vegetable seeds in the fall, too, and start out sensibly enough with beets, carrots and radishes. Then they have to be steered gently away from beans and corn, sometimes, and over to cabbage, cauliflower and peas. In sowing any of these seeds, a try with the chemical soil conditioners should save you more work than any other test. And just think — that nice, fluffy bed of chemically conditioned soil is supposed to stay that way. No working it all up like that any more than once.

Should remind you, though, that these soil conditioners are not what you pour on planted areas to soften hard-hearted soil. No indeed. Don't do that. That's an idea you had but it's the wrong one. It's way, way off. Makes a mess of everything. A mess. What you pour on planted areas where the soil is hard as flint is a "biological product." All of that. It "increases micro-organic activity" and is applied as a solution like liquid fertilizer. I was slightly suspicious of it, as "micro" is a word loaded with intrigue. But when we found some Jamul adobe that was second cousin to Escondido diorite, I splashed on the micro-organic with alacrity.

The set-outs in flowers for fall are the same as the seeds, and in vegetables, too, of course. Here is a change in principle. You may plan on not preparing soil more than once (the soil conditioner) but in many instances you should plan on setting out favorite flowers more than once. Set them out early to catch some Christmas bloom, if possible. Set them out later for a succession of bloom, or for replanting. Don't wait too long to replant.

The set-outs in shrubs and trees and vines goes on about the same. Learned that the new bougainvilleas, San Diego Red and Barbara Karst, have much stronger root systems than Crimson Lake. My informant even said to split down the cans and set 'em out with no reverence at all—like honeysuckles —the root systems had such strong stomachs.

That demon gardener Dibb out where I work was describing something very important the other day—preparing a hole for a tree in one of the new developments where the soil, or what passes for it, is too hard for good drainage. You lay out your hole a yard or so square (well, just pretend you're a tree and going to live in that hole) and use pick, mattock and crow bar to open. Then you slip a couple of small sticks of dynamite in the bottom and blast that out a bit. You pour in crushed rock or gravel for the bottom layer and fill in the rest with a yard of top soil. That way you'll get a tree going.

It goes to show that tree planting should not be taken lightly and that the work should be done well. On the other hand, if the soil situation is good, the digging is not the problem, but the number of trees. Either measure your areas very carefully or be prepared to cut down in later years.

The bulb is a very inviting garden object but if you belong to the general public type who pipes up, "Tulips!" every time the word bulb is mentioned, I might sometime or other just screech at you. It isn't your fault, really. It's just that the subject of tulips is to a San Diego adobe-comber as chili con carne to a Bostonian. However, nice tulips are raised here, in part shade, with deep, early planting and a top mulch of peat, leaf mold and steer. And I should not be so cross. Just don't be too nostalgic around me when freesias, bulb iris and ranunculus and mixed daffodils are also prominent in the planting news. After all, these flowers grow with abandon, verve and spontaneity here. And they naturalize, too.

I have left very little space for upkeep. But that's going to be short and to the point. Try using two sacks of steer manure where you used none last winter. It's good. Blood meal is the fertilizer when you don't know what kind to use. Try a little cottonseed meal for deciduous trees like willows, sweet gums and elms. They get darn sick of alkalinity.

About storing your dahlia tubers, leave them in. If it's at all possible, that is. Well, lazy people have been doing that for years, and here it turns out to be all right. The tubers are dug and divided at planting time in spring.

About pruning, make up a small card catalogue of your trees and shrubs. Look up the pruning directions for each and make brief notes on the card for each. Then mark up a calendar with the names.

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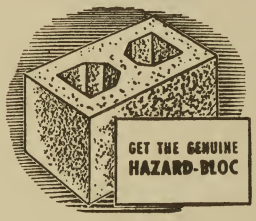

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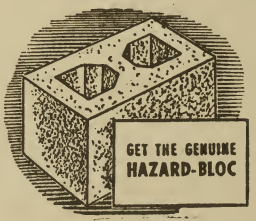

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